

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1887.

NO. 203.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
—AT—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

PRaise THE LORD.

McComb City, Miss., Feb. 7, 1887.

DEAR INTERIOR:—The meeting closed last night, with the little Presbyterian church so full that there was hardly "standing room for an umbrella"—as Nath Woodcock would graphically describe it. And when the testing question was put—"Who is on the LORD'S side?"—nearly the entire congregation arose; and hats and hands were lifted among the standing crowd; even before they were asked thus to testify as to their position. It was a thrilling and heart-gladdening spectacle, that we can not soon forget. The McComb folks have greatly endeared themselves to us by their hearty and generous reception of our gospel. We had from the clerical ranks two Episcopalians, one Baptist and one Methodist and one Presbyterian, and they all behaved beautifully. We shall never cease to appreciate their courteous attention to the preaching, which in many places must have crossed their favorite theologies, with a crash. Altogether, I do not recall any meeting more full of genuine enthusiasm than this; and we trust the good fruits of it will appear for years to come.

We expect to leave for New Orleans this evening on the 7 o'clock express, reaching the city at 10.30. We hear of an open door there and hope to have a good meeting fairly under weigh before the madness of "Mardi Gras" has fairly swallowed up everything and everybody. A good, warm evangelistic meeting on the outskirts of that wild carnival will be no drawback, if Jesus should happen to come in the midst of it.

We had yesterday the pleasure of meeting a Madison county gentleman, Mr. Peter Estill, and his good wife, once the comely widow, whom many in Lincoln will recollect as Mrs. Timberlake. They were married about five years ago and both sought this region of resinous balm for the sake of health. I am glad to say both found it; and he for asthma and she for hemorrhage of the lungs, discovered a specific in the magic atmosphere that surrounds these stately pine forests.

Let me, before we leave this sweet retreat, enshrine in my little narrative the house and household where and with whom we have enjoyed one of the positively "delicious" weeks of our Bohemian existence. The homestead passes to strangers in a few weeks and Cousin Heber, Mary and Hugh go over to their new house, which, however pretty and commodious, can never take the place of the old one in our lives and loving memories. These are the things we will remember: The cheerful sitting-room, where the ubiquitous pine-knot added its brilliant glow to the swinging-lamp above the centre-table, all the evening, after our return from church, and all day, as needed; the pretty dining room, with choice and tasteful engravings on the wall; pleasant pine-wood fire blazing in the open fire place and the daintiest of good-cheer spread attractively upon the well-furnished table.

Cousin Heber is a bit of an epicure and insists upon generous diet for his guests. Now a "sheep head," daintiest of fishes, of this latitude. Then a broiled "red-fish," hardly second to the other. Again a dish of crabs served most toothomely, on the shell, but not in it; sparing all that necessity of careful dissection and soiling the fingers with the somewhat loathsome uneatable portions, that leaves a crab served as an "open question" as to whether it is worth the trouble of taking apart to get at its delicate comestible "true inwardness." One day it will be broiled partridges, another a Mallard wild duck; or a guinea from Cousin Mary's fowl-yard. All the rest but the partridges fresh from the New Orleans market, but 3½ hours away from us. One week of such sumptuous feasting is about as much as this troupe can stand at a time.

Cousin Mary is a lovely housekeeper, under Cousin Heber's bountiful provision; and also owing much to "Aunt Hannah," who deserves to be held in "everlasting remembrance" for the heroic way in which she has clung to the family fortunes ever since the family was started about a quarter of a century ago. She is indeed an indispensable member of this household. A "faithful servant!" Her price is above rubies"—here or hereafter. Our table servant is the brightest, handsomest quadroon boy, whom Aunt Hannah is lovingly initiating into the full mysteries of waiter-dom, making his life pleasant meanwhile, with her motherly way. I catch odd sights, too, of another bright faced little child—Aunt Hannah's orphan niece—who is also being trained to household duties, in retirement, whom I notice peeping shyly at us around corners and from behind doors. All very

pretty and modest. And the good cook in the kitchen, name unknown, is a good one. Sniffing from the back door, we come across fowls of every feather; turkeys, geese, ducks, guineas, chickens; and tied to a peach tree is Hugh's pet deer, with soft, innocent eyes and half startled recognition of your friendly caress, as if the "wild" were not all out of it yet. The two thoroughbred coach dogs, Hugh's pets again, bark in their favorite corners, and are candidates for a friendly pat, if you notice them, spotted beauties as they are. In the stable Hugh's mare (everything seems to be Hugh's), "Sprightly," feeds and sleeps, and sits herself for going like a rocket when you mount, with untiring endurance and pleasant gait. The pretty creature is not badly tempered, but is slightly afflicted with that female viciousness, which seems to so often accompany real worth, as almost to be a mark of it. So she backs her ears when you mount and squeals when you get off, as if about to take a parting nip at your arm for having had the audacity to saddle and bridle her. But she don't mean anything vicious by all these feminine demonstrations of self-will. Hugh is the dearest of boys (only he is 19 and has a moustache) and everybody's pet, yet not a bit spoiled. Which deserves mention, being such a rarity in human life.

We love our cousins, three. Most lovable family, every member of it. And we never forget that really it is four in number. One loved one gone before; dear child, when I knew her, but smitten in blooming womanhood, when she left the breaking hearts behind. Ah, me! Why can we never speak of that separation, except regretfully, even to the last. The reason is at hand. Death is an unmitigated enemy, and when he lays his horrid hand on any we love, we instinctively feel, "An enemy hath done this." "Thanks be to God, thro' Jesus Christ our LORD," He can, even, out of this destroyer, bring the sweetness of the resurrection life. But that seems long to wait for, and one must needs sympathize with good Martha, when she said, as if it gave her feeble comfort, "I know that he shall rise in the resurrection of the last day."

And indeed there is little to lift the heart, in a contingency so far removed, that it mocks the aching heart—mourning for present comfort. I believe that Jesus offers in His present compensations what, alone, will satisfy. Thoughts, even assurance of resurrection, never do. "The child can not come back to me; I shall go to it," is true, but cold, cold comfort. So David "worshipped." And then the "balm of Gilead" touched his wound and healed it. To justify the LORD, first of all; to say, "Thou didst not do this; nor desire it done; nor permit it to be done; but Thou canst make amends, dear LORD, for what the enemy hath done." In this we shall find the instant comfort we seek, and the "peace that passeth understanding" shall replace the sorrow that seemed fixed and immovable. The dear LORD will do it, in ways we know not. I have never lost a child, but I have known deep sorrow; and, thank God, I am not speaking of a remedy that I have not tried and proved. His "grace is sufficient," and I know it well and better as the days go by.

The weather, through the whole of the McComb meeting, has just been glorious. Balm days and moonlit nights. We have just returned from a trip to the great work shops of the Illinois Central railroad. They employ about 300 hands and do everything in the way of manufacturing cars and engines, but casting the wheels. It is a busy place. And the toll is tremendous. No man ought to form an opinion on the current strife between labor and capital till he goes through the work shops of one great establishment, and sees what the hard-handed sons of toil are doing the world over. It will educate him in an hour, better than the newspapers will in a week. I am a "conservative" by nature and theory. I become a "radical" every time I walk through a work shop. Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.
—Messrs. Hugh Logan, Tom Browning and J. D. Chandler spent Sunday in town.
—Mr. J. J. Walker went South last week with a car load of mules for the Southern market.
—Two Warm Springs Indian troupe is billed for a performance at the Opera House February 22d.
—Mr. H. T. Noel bought of Mrs. P. D. Gill the house and lot on Danville street, occupied by E. A. Burnside, for \$1,600. Mr. Noel will take possession at once.
—Rev. L. C. Humphries, of Glasgow, preached at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening to large audiences. In each instance the speaker delivered a forcible, eloquent discourse.

—Misses Grace Hart and Grace Million of Richmond, are guests of Mrs. Tom M. Johnson, Jr. Mr. William Jennings, of Springfield, Ky., was visiting his mother last week. Johnson Rogers, of Woodford, candidate for auditor, was in town Thursday.
—Dr. Sam H. Burnside, formerly of this place, now living at Wichita Falls, Texas, was married a few days since to Miss Mary M. Grier, of Camden, N. J. The marriage took place at Fort Worth, Texas. The many Kentucky friends of the doctor will rejoice to hear of his good luck.

—Mr. Tom Middleton, agent of the B. & O. express, at Harrodsburg, was here Saturday to see about establishing an agency for his company at this place to connect with the Cincinnati Southern at Danville. It is quite likely that the agency will be made in a few weeks.

—Mrs. Martha McMurtry, an estimable christian lady, died Saturday night at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. A. Cunningham, of consumption, aged 73 years. The funeral was preached at the residence Monday evening at 2 o'clock by Rev. W. O. Goodloe; interment in Lancaster cemetery.
—The details of a rather remarkable freak of nature are related to your correspondent by Mr. W. H. Wherritt, of this place: Mr. Wherritt killed a hen one day last week and while picking the fowl noticed a protuberance of considerable size, which was situated between the skin and the breast bone. A closer investigation revealed to him a small sack, shaped like an egg, but more elongated. Breaking this open he was surprised to find inside a well-formed chicken, which bore indications of having been dead for some time.

—The Republican County Committee met at the Court-house Saturday and passed the following resolutions:
Resolved, That we approve of the call for a convention to be held at Louisville on May 11th to nominate candidates for the various offices to be filled in Aug. '87.
21. That in consideration of the high standing of our distinguished fellow citizen, Hon. W. O. Bradley, together with his acknowledged ability and the eminent service he has rendered the party in the past, we recognize him as one both able and worthy to head the ticket in the approaching contest and therefore instruct the delegates from this county to cast the vote of the same for him in said convention for the office of Governor.

31. That the following named persons are hereby appointed delegates to said convention: Wm. Berkele, D. R. Collier, Wm. Cook, R. A. Burnside, J. L. Duncan, W. C. Montgomery, A. Moberly, James A. Baker, Eph. Leavell, Calvin East, J. W. West, James Ray, R. Kinkead, W. McC. Johnston, John Brown, B. Dillon, W. J. Landrum, Geo. Denny, Sr., A. C. Dunn, W. O. Bradley, J. E. Starnes, J. P. Turner, Dan Goodloe, A. Spillman, Lem White, Wm. Carter, J. H. Roney, Wm. Fain, A. G. Scott, Wm. Herndon and Green Lytle.

4th. That we recommend as the choice of the republican party of Garrard county for the Legislature, Hon. Wm. Berkele.

Col. Bradley informs us that each of the 13 counties in the State which have held conventions has instructed their delegates to cast their votes for him for Governor.

—One of the largest audiences ever seen in Lancaster greeted the rendition of the cantata of The Three Graces at the Opera House last Thursday evening. All the available chairs were occupied and a great many persons were forced to find seats on benches, boxes and in the windows. The performance in every way merited the patronage bestowed upon it as was evinced by the frequent rounds of applause. The leading parts in the cantata were taken by Misses Lizzie Huffman, Minnie Dinwiddie and Lula Bateson, Miss Huffman representing Love, Miss Dinwiddie Faith and Miss Bateson Hope. These young ladies were attired in lovely costumes of white, blue and pink and each acquitted herself admirably. The young ladies possess splendid voices and sang at their best. Miss Honeywood Huffman, as the Pilgrim Mourner, was attired in a robe of black and carried out her part of the programme in an excellent manner. The Graces, Misses Lizzie Jennings, Anna Mullins, Lou Grant, Mary Robinson, Mollie Burdett, Mamie Carrey, Nell Yantis, Bertie Collier and Fannie West, were attired in white robes and each bore a banner on which was inscribed the name of the grace the bearer represented. The sentinels were Messrs. Robt. Elkin, John M. Farra, H. M. Grant and T. M. Johnston, Jr., who were attired in Jewish soldiers' costumes with spears, lances and shields. The following named little girls were the angels: Ada Farra, Amanda Petty, Mattie Elkin, Bettie Barnett, Bettie Anderson, Clyde Huffman, Allie Anderson and May Hughes. They were attired in costumes of white tulle which completely enveloped them. The Pilgrims were quite numerous and were costumed to represent the different nations. Mrs. Bush, of New York, wore a lovely dress and represented a shepherdess. Mrs. T. A. Elkin, assisted by Miss Sallie Elkin, presided at the piano after the conclusion of the cantata. Miss Lizzie Huffman and Miss Dinwiddie each sang a selection, which was well received by the audience. In responding to the encore Miss Huffman sang "Marguerite," and Miss Dinwiddie "Sixty-Two." The quartette of "Hallelujah for the Cross" and "I am Drifting Down" were well rendered by Messrs. Bartholomew, Gibbons, Wishard and Granger, of Danville. So successful was the entertainment that it was repeated Friday evening and it is quite likely it will be presented both at Stanford and Danville.

As an instance of the remarkable cheapness of Chinese labor, we note that in Chinese courts of justice witnesses can be hired at 10 cents apiece to testify on either side of the question at issue, or on both sides at 15 cents.—(Burlington Free Press.

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MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Mrs. J. E. Allen is very sick.

—Judge Colyer is stirring up the liquor men.

—Wm. D. Levesay has been appointed postmaster at Wadd.

—A number of cases of mumps is reported in town and vicinity.

—M. O. Williams, our polite druggist, spent Sunday at Crab Orchard.

—S. S. Dalton has moved from East Bernstadt to the Ashley farm near town.

—J. H. Pointer, of the Level Green neighborhood, moved to Rockhold Saturday.

—Jonas McKirzie has been the happy possessor of another boy since last Thursday.

—Davis & White have opened a family grocery in the store house recently purchased of C. W. Adams.

—Cal. Owens, who was accidentally shot last week, is still in a critical condition and not expected to recover.

—Bro. Hiatt seems to be very zealous in the good work. He has preached nearly every night for three weeks.

—Thomas Hays has just been granted a pension by a special act of Congress. Gov. McCreary put the bill through.

—James A. Long and Sarah E. Denny Stephen Robinson and Hester J. Anderson were married at Level Green Wednesday.

—Mr. Roberts, the woman sent from this place to the Lexington Asylum, some months since, returned last Thursday cured.

—The wife of Jonas Pittman, who has been very sick for some time with brain troubles, is getting worse and is bordering on lunacy.

—A Louisville Post special says: "Spencer Parker was tried at Lexington for killing his wife and fined \$1 and costs." This is cheaper than divorce.

—Look! All accounts on my book due Jan 1st, '87, will be placed in the hands of an officer March 1st if not paid or otherwise arranged for. L. B. Adams.

—E. L. Newcomb is home from Nicholasville for a few weeks' recreation. Mr. C. C. Coyle is back from the Louisville hospital in a much worse condition than when he went there.

—The old proposition, as to which will require the most turns in ploughing a nine acre tract of land, to make one land of it or to make nine of it, is being agitated by our local mathematicians.

—The postoffice at this place will hereafter be opened on Sunday from 10.30 A. M. to 11.30 A. M. No mails will be received or forwarded on the day trains Sunday, but will be Sunday night.

—Summons have been served on a number of persons in the vicinity of Wildie to appear before the County Judge here to be questioned as to what they know about the recent whipping of Bob Brewitt's family.

—Mr. J. J. Carson, who was a school boy at this place 20 years ago, came in from his Kansas home Friday to see old friends. He reports a big boom in all lines of business and that the number of railroads being built is something wonderful.

—An old colored woman named Hunter had her dress catch on fire while standing near a grate, Saturday morning, at Livingston, and rushed out doors aggravating the flames. She was so badly burned that she died at 1 o'clock that evening.

—Mr. Frank Clifford, agent and operator at Livingston, left Saturday night for White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., to be present at the burial of his father, who died Friday. The sympathy of his fellow operators is extended to Mr. Clifford in his loss.

—Rev. W. W. Pope, in a card in the Echo, claims that the church here engaged him to preach during this year and abrogated the contract in employing another preacher instead. Possibly all the parties were not mutually pleased and thought the easiest way out of the matter the best and so proceeded.

—A prominent farmer near Mt. Guthrie, who was at one time a merchant at that place, left for a western visit one day last week. The next day the wife of a former merchant of Mt. Guthrie took the train, not giving her destination, and has not since been heard of. It is believed that she and the p. f. are making the western trip together.

—Mrs. Fry's acquittal in her trial last week does not seem to have settled the differences existing between herself and the Lackey family. Last Wednesday a warrant was issued for her on the charge of shooting at one of the Lackey boys. She was jailed, but was shortly released on bond and trial set for Saturday, then continued till Monday. She swore out warrants for the Lackeys who were tried and acquitted.

—We learn that a man named Gastineau shot and mortally wounded Brent Evans, a negro, near Holdans Mill, Lincoln county, Thursday. It seems that Gastineau has only been back from the penitentiary a few weeks. He is said to have told a neighbor that the negro had made ugly remarks about the neighbor's daughter Gastineau on being confronted by the negro in company with the young lady's father retracted his statements, saying that the negro had used no such language. Gastineau afterwards went to the field where the negro was at work, taking his gun along, with the above result.



Every sack guaranteed to give satisfaction.

SITUATION WANTED

By a young lady, who holds a first grade certificate and is competent to teach music, either as governess or teacher. Address T. M. W. care INTERIOR JOURNAL, Stanford, Ky. 197-lmo.

WOOD WALLACE. WATT COCHRAN.

WALLACE & COCHRAN,

GENTS' FURNISHERS,

513, 4th Street,

LOUISVILLE, - - - KY.

196-2m.

TAXES FOR 1886!

So many having responded to my warning issued sometime ago, and so many others appear to be making such an effort to discharge their taxes, I have concluded to extend the time for advertising lands until the 8th day of February—this, however, is positively the last extension that I can possibly make. J. N. MENEFEE, Sheriff Lincoln County.

MILLINERY.

I am daily opening an elegant line of Fall Millinery, including all

The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Buching, Corsets, Bustles, etc. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Sully & Warren, next door to the Myers House. 196-2m. KATE DUDDEAR.

MACK BRUCE'S

Buggy & Implement House.

I have now

A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements,

—Besides a—

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

112-1vr

I. M. BRUCE.

FIVE COMMANDS!

Thou shalt go to BOURNE'S for all thy Christmas goods.

Reason: Bourne has just received direct from New York City the newest and cheapest lot ever brought to this neck of the woods.

Thou shalt buy the medicine from Bourne.

Reason: Bourne's goods are pure. Thy life is too valuable to be sacrificed because of inert remedies.

Thou shalt marry soon, very soon.

Reason: The goose bone market this hard winter, and Bourne's toilet articles will make thee beautiful above thy fellows. (If thou dost not desire to marry, thou dost desire to be envied ever brought to this neck of the woods.

Thou shalt go hunting and fishing. Bourne has the materials.

Thou shalt have a baby, a fiddle, an accordion, violin strings, lamps, frames, pictures, mirrors, warranted jewelry.

Bourne has these and the finest lot of candles ever brought to this neck of the woods.

Thou shalt keep in mind that Bourne is the cleverest man (except Dr. Cox) and the best man to deal with.

"Roses red, violets blue, Bourne's is the place for you. —(Shakespeare. In fact, half of his glories and fine goods have not been told thee.

FOR SALE!

Valuable Real Estate and Store Rooms.

As Executor of Lewis Y. Phillips, dec'd, I offer for sale, on easy terms, the following real estate in and near the growing town of Lancaster, Garrard county, Kentucky:

One Brick Store-room, on Public Square of said town, now used as a dry-goods room.

One frame Store-room on the Public Square, now used as a family grocery room.

Two Store-rooms on Richmond Street, near Public Square, one now used as a Millinery Store, the other as an Undertaking establishment. With this block will be sold if desired a lot of ground adjoining.

One farm with house and other necessary improvements, on the Lexington Turnpike, 3 miles from Lancaster, of 187 acres.

One farm of 140 acres, 3½ miles from Lancaster, near the Lexington Pike, unimproved, with house and necessary outbuildings.

Also a tract of 20 acres on Gilbert's Creek,

Stanford, Ky., February 15, 1887

W. P. WALTON,

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 11.—To one who makes the trip over that great and excellently managed thoroughfare, the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, no oftener than I do, the journey especially from Charleston, W. Va., to Hinton, is a series of surprises. Towns have sprung up like magic and for 50 miles or more coal mines innumerable are being worked; iron foundries are in operation; salt wells are giving forth the "savor of the earth" and coke ovens send up their lurid lights, changing night almost into the brightness of day. The banks of both the Kanawha and New rivers swarm with people and the whole region bears the impress of busy and prosperous life.

A rarer day rarely comes in leafy June than last Wednesday, and everything combined to make the trip up those picturesque rivers intensely interesting and enjoyable. The scenery, especially along the New, is hardly surpassed in rugged beauty in this country. The river seems to have worn its way down to its rocky bed in its centuries of ceaseless rush and the railroad is hewn out of the hard stone of the towering cliffs that now confine its roaring, splashing waters. Upon this little shelf, as it were, the trains dash along, about 30 feet above the river and as dangerous as it appears, I am told that an accident rarely occurs, so well does the track "hug" the mountain. Fifteen years or more ago, while assisting in the apparently almost impossible undertaking of constructing this road, every nook, cranny and cliff were as familiar to me as the path to Rowland is now to certain Stanford toppers, since our good friends, the prohibitionists, cut off their whisky supply in town, but the march of civilization and industry has changed the appearance almost of nature itself and I felt even as a stranger in a strange land.

Passing through the Alleghanies by a tunnel nearly a mile long, I catch a glimpse of my native State and breathe again the air of the home of Presidents and a number of other great men, mention of some of whom modestly forbids. To those who have never wandered, the sensation of a return to the scenes of a happy boyhood can not be conveyed by words, imperfectly as we are able to paint with them. Memories, gilded with the lapse of time, rush to the brain, and even the aged becomes a boy again in their sweet contemplation. It is worth almost every heart ache that a separation from home and friends induces, to experience these joyous feelings of return, even though one's lines, like mine, have fallen in pleasant places.

Save extensive iron works at Lymoor, which has grown in a short decade to a town of considerable dimensions and pretensions, and Longdale, turning out each from 500 to 900 tons of "pig" per week, but little change is noticeable along the line of the road. Unfortunately for Virginia, the road runs, with a few exceptions, along a ridge of the poorest section of the State, and to a man used to the fertile fields of the garden spot of the world, it looks as if it would be impossible for any great number of people to subsist upon the crops that are forced by eternal vigilance and harder licks, to grow out of the thin soil. But they do live, and well, and are apparently as happy as the more favored ones of our own Blue grass section. After all, though, it is not what a man has, but what he enjoys, that makes him contented and happy, and the Virginians seem to get all the good out of life. Feuds, so common in Kentucky, and which decimate so many families there, are almost unknown here. Murders are rare and when one is committed the good people, through their courts, demand and enforce the excellent old biblical doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

I have not been in the Capital of the ill-starred, but always-to-be-loved Southern Confederacy, long enough to note all the great improvements that new life and redoubled energy have infused in it, but have seen enough to know that the seemingly overdrawn picture recently presented in *Harper's Weekly*, of the growth of its industries are by no means exaggerated. To use a popular Western phrase, Richmond is on a boom and all of its varied interests are looking up, property increasing in value and everything tends to the belief that the "good time coming" is at hand. As usual the people are excited over an issue. Lately it was the State debt and the payment of taxes with coupons, but now it is the repeal of the internal revenue tax on tobacco, and good democrats will tell you with great emphasis that unless it is removed Virginia, North Carolina and perhaps Tennessee will be lost to us in 1888. I never saw a sentiment so unanimous as this, nor a more decided feeling of antagonism towards our great Kentuckian, Carlisle, for his refusal to recognize a member with a bill to remove the war tax from their favorite weed. The onerous tariff on the necessities of life is entirely lost sight of in this one desire for free tobacco.

Our trip hither was rendered the more enjoyable by the courtesies of old friends, those of Capt. W. C. Moody and P. A. Casson deserving especial mention. The former is now mine host of the Clifton Forge Hotel and the latter the most popular and accommodating conductor on the C. & O. It was a joy indeed to us to find that our little niece, the bright little Ella Lee, daughter of Mrs. I. N. Vaughan, who visited us last spring and made so many friends

among the young people in Stanford, and whose reported alarming condition brought us to Virginia, is somewhat improved and hopes are now entertained of her recovery, though the doctors state her chances as one in twenty. I run up to Washington tomorrow for a few days, and you may hear from us again from there. W. P. W.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—The President's admirable message vetoing that wholesale robbery and premium for perjury, the Dependent Pension Bill, has just been read in the House, which remained in session to receive it. It was the last day for him to act, as afterwards the bill would have become a law without his signature. The message was received about 4 o'clock, and the House, which had been frittering its time away all day in considering private pension bills, was soon seated in the quietest attention, as the clerk read page after page of the ablest and best state paper produced by the man who has exhibited more courage and firmness than any since Jackson's day. His reasons for refusing to approve the measure are cogent and strongly expressed, and friend and foe unite in admiration for the man who can be relied on to do his duty on every and all occasions. Although the bill was passed by over a two-thirds majority, the veto will be sustained, as I have heard many Congressmen, who foolishly voted for the bill, say they will not vote now to pass it over the President's objections. Had Mr. Cleveland permitted the bill to become a law, it would have run our pension burden up to \$150,000,000 a year; made the roll of pensioners larger than the Federal army ever was and four times as large as the whole standing army of Great Britain. It would have given a pension to every loafer who had been in the army 90 days, even if his disability was due entirely to his own vice; put a premium on mendacity and indolence; provided a temptation to perjury and entailed a loss of respect for the brave fellows, who came to the rescue of their country in the hour of peril. But for the length of the message I would ask you to reproduce it, so that all our readers might see it. They can read it in the dailies and each should make it a point to secure and preserve it. W. P. W.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Cotton crop of 1886 was 6,460,000 bales of superior quality.
—Augusta, Ga., experienced a \$180,000 fire Saturday night.
—The republicans of Caldwell county have instructed for Colonel W. O. Bradley.
—It is estimated the trade decreased \$25,000,000 in New York during the great strike.

—John Robinson, the famous showman is very dangerously ill at Cincinnati of droupy.

—The brewers and stationary engineers of New York failed to strike as they were ordered.

—Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, has the reputation of being the funny man of the House.

—Mrs. Henry Wood, the English novelist, author of *East Lynne*, died in London Thursday, aged 67.

—"Boodle" Alderman O'Neil, of New York, goes to Sing Sing for four and a half years for having sold his vote on the Broadway Surface franchise.

—William McElroy, colored, who murdered Walter Mart, in Henderson county has been sentenced to death, the execution to occur Friday, May 13.

—Rose Daly, a young woman, gave birth to an illegitimate child at East Granby, Conn. and immediately cut its head off with a table-knife and put it in a stove.

—The Hon. Sam Nunn, the red-headed statesman of Crittenden county, who gained considerable reputation in the last Legislature, is a possible candidate for the Senate.

—The Knights of Labor have purchased property in Philadelphia, paying therefor \$65,000, and will occupy it as the general headquarters of the order of the United States and Canada.

—Newton Harrod, in defense of his mother, is reported to have shot his father, George Harrod, three times last Thursday, at Bald Knob, in Franklin county. The wounds are not fatal.

—Jacob Miller, who claimed to have been robbed at Atlanta of \$27,500 belonging to the Quakers at Union Village, Ohio, is denounced as a fraud and an inventor of lies. Miller has been arrested.

—The Commissioner of Pensions has made a requisition for \$18,780,000 for the payment of pensions due March 4 next. This will be the largest payment ever made in one quarter of the United States Government.

—On learning that the President had vetoed the Dependent Pension bill, Governor McCreary said: "This is a feather in Cleveland's cap, and it will re-elect him. It has made him invincible before the country. He did the right thing."

—Mayor Cooper, of Atlanta, and a party of Aldermen from that city are in Chicago on official business. The Mayor, who is an Anti-Prohibitionist, states that drunkenness is as prevalent as ever in Atlanta, and that no thirsty man need suffer for lack of liquor.

—The St. Paul road will discontinue the issuing of passes to any but bona fide railroad employees after the Interstate Commerce law becomes effective. It is painful to contemplate the distressing condition of members of the Legislature living along the St. Paul when this order goes into effect.

—Virginia is in great financial straits. Prominent farmers at the Farmers' Assembly, in session at Danville, represent the State as on the border of ruin, and Gov. Lee is reported as having said that there is less money in the hands of the farmers than at any other time since the surrender at Appomattox.

—Messrs. Taulbee, Wolford and Wadsworth, of the Kentucky delegation, voted for the Dependent Pension Bill. Of course they are not enthusiastic over the President's veto, but the remaining members of the delegation recognize the master stroke of the President.

—The longshoremen and freight handlers of New York, who have been on a strike, hastened yesterday morning to obey the order of District Assembly No. 49 to return to work. By to-morrow it is expected that business will have resumed its normal condition.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Rev. P. T. Hale, of this place, and Rev. Dr. Graves, of Lebanon, exchanged pulpits Sunday.

—Messrs. A. B. Robertson and A. S. Robertson, Jr., and G. E. and W. W. Wiseman, are in New York.

—Rev. John L. Smith bought Saturday from J. C. Randolph 16 acres of land just south of town for \$2,430.

—El Coffee and Nellie Salles, a colored couple, were married Saturday by Judge Lee, in the county clerk's office.

—Rev. O. A. Bartholomew on Sunday night closed the first series of his lectures on the Book of Revelations. He will soon begin lectures on other portions of scripture.

—The Danville Literary Club met Friday night at the residence of Mr. James H. Oiler. The subject discussed was "The origin of the soul." The principal speakers were Revs. J. L. Allen and E. H. Pierce.

—Rev. James P. Hendrick, of Flemingsburg, was in town last week, the guest of Rev. S. Yerkes, D. D. Miss Mattie Fisher returned on Saturday from a visit to her sister, Mrs. S. F. Esil, of Shelbyville. Mrs. Green Clay Smith has returned from a visit to her daughter, a pupil of the Female College at Nicholasville.

—Mr. Isaac Lyons, who had the greater part of his tongue removed in Cincinnati several weeks ago on account of a cancerous trouble, has recovered entirely from the operation and is now at home. He and his son, Henry, will leave next Sunday for an extended trip to California. Col. James W. Guest has returned from a trip to Mobile, Alabama.

—Nicholas McDonald has returned from Chattanooga, where he had been for a week or more, and he says the boom is on the increase and that he had confidence enough in it to make investments in building lots and other real estate. Chattanooga papers of Sunday mention Rev. H. M. Linney, late of this place, as one of the new real estate dealers and assign him an office in McConnell Block.

—A negro named Frank Burns was shot and killed Friday evening by David Graham on the Shakerstown pike, three miles north of town. Alfred Graham and Mark Crittenden, all colored, are accused of being accessories. David Graham surrendered and is in jail. There had been ill-feelings between the parties for some time on account of a dispute about a pair of boots. Burns was something of a preacher, or exhorter. David Graham's friends claim that he will be able to establish a clear case of self-defense. The two accomplices were arrested Saturday evening and are in jail.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—R. D. Hill, Esq., of Williamsburg, was here Friday.

—Mt. Vernon and other little way stations can have night mail; what's the matter with a city the size of London having them too?

—A. D. Noel, Deputy Grand Dictator, Knights of Honor, is here, with a view to organizing a lodge. There are plenty of (knights), but don't know about the honor.

—Alex Savier, of Madison, was in town Sunday, on his way to Barbourville, which place he expects to make his headquarters and travel for J. M. Robinson & Co., Louisville.

—Col. J. W. Jones has bought of Judge R. Boyd the property known as the Carrier lot, for which he paid \$500. He has the prettiest site in town and expects to have a handsome residence erected shortly.

—Judge R. Boyd left Saturday morning for Pineville, Bell county, where the first court of his second round commenced Monday. The Judge is giving very general satisfaction and making a most excellent record.

—Revs. Ragan and McClure closed a very successful protracted meeting at East Bernstadt a few days ago and stormed the works of the enemy here Friday night at the Methodist church, in a series of breezy sermons, which may continue for several days.

—Hon. W. R. Ramsey attended court at McKee, Jackson county, last week. He informs us that the republicans of that county instructed their delegates to vote for Colonel O'Bradley for governor, and also gave Mr. Ramsey the compliment of an endorsement for the Senate.

—Miss Sara E. Randall returned from the convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union at Stanford, Thursday. Miss Cochran, who accompanied Miss Randall to the latter place, stopped off at Pleasant Valley, with friends, while Mrs. Catching did not return until Saturday evening.

—A fire alarm startled the denizens here Friday morning, which, when promptly answered by the excited populace, developed the roof of J. and E. H. Hackney's large dry goods establishment on fire. Prompt and vigorous volunteer service soon extinguished the flames, with no damage, except a considerable hole in the "roof." The burning of one house means the destruction of the entire town, with an unfavorable wind, which is usually blowing at such times.

—Mr. G. W. Lytle, wife and daughter, of Topeka, Kansas, are visiting in this Whitley and Clay counties. Mr. Lytle left this section only a few years ago with not more than two or three thousand dollars to grow up with the Western country and is now worth a round hundred thousand dollars. Young man, take Greeley's advice.

—The case against Hiram F. Glass for the killing of Mat Waggoner, set for Thursday, was called in the examining court, Judge Vincent Boring, and passed till next day, for the convenience of the Commonwealth in obtaining witnesses. The examination was had Friday evening only two witnesses being used by the Commonwealth and one, the defendant himself, by the defense; the case was briefly argued by Col. Ewell and Mr. Catching for the defense and prosecution, respectively, and given to the court, who, in a rather elaborate opinion, held the accused in a bond of \$5,000, for his appearance at the May circuit court. The opinion is pretty general that the testimony did not warrant the raising of the original bond of \$3,000. Judge W. L. Brown and Col. J. W. Jones assisted County Attorney Catching in the prosecution, the defense being conducted by Col. R. L. Ewell, of this bar, and Hon. James D. Black, of Barbourville.

This was found posted up in a blacksmith shop in Jackson county, Ky. "Notice—De copartnership heretofore existing between me and Mose Skinner is hereby dissolved. Dem what o de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm o settle wid Mose."

The red-headed girls on exhibition in New York may console themselves with the reflection that it is better for a girl to be red headed than to have people wondering how it happens that her hair is not red. There are many dark and brown haired women who have evidently got the wrong hair.

An old darkey on his knees praying for the Lord to save him, ejaculated in quivering tones:

"Deah good Lawd! please save Pompey! Pompey's alius been a good niggah! Pompey's nevah been arrested—nevah stole any chickens, always been a good christian. Please save Pompey! Deah good Lawd, don't send yo' Son dis time, but come yo'self, for dis am no child's play!"

A Richmond man has made a calculation by which he shows that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel there would be only room enough in Kentucky for two college professors, three lawyers, half a dozen doctors, four dry goods clerks, five bankers, two politicians and an editor of a country newspaper, mixed up with a few city officials and one poor boy who was married to some rich man's ugly girl. At times, even with this limited number, there would be clashing.—[Richmond Herald.]

Not Too Much to Ask.—Tramp (whose request for food had been denied)—"Well, ma'am, would you let me sleep in the ten-acre lot back of the barn if I won't make any noise?"

Woman—"Ye-e, I don't mind lettin' ye do that."

Tramp (appealingly)—"Well, one thing more, ma'am, before I say good night. Would you have me called at 7 sharp? I want to catch the limited cattle train West."

—[N. Y. Sun.]

How to make "marshmallows": Dissolve one half pound of gum arabic in one pint of water, strain and add one half pound of fine sugar, and place over the fire, stirring constantly until the syrup is dissolved and all of the consistency of honey. Add gradually the whites of four eggs well beaten. Stir the mixture until it becomes somewhat thin and does not adhere to the finger. Flavor to taste, and pour into a tin slightly dusted with powdered starch, and when cool divide into small squares.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE BILL.—Why, anybody ought to know that it's the short haul that costs the most. It isn't necessary to convene Congress to tell us that. (It isn't necessary to convene Congress to tell us anything we don't know for that matter; it never does anything of the kind.) You see I am sitting in a railway parlor-car down in Maine writing a postcard to a friend in Oregon. Now, if I can get that lead to the mail-car only seven car-lengths ahead of me the Government will carry it 3,000 miles for one cent. That is the long haul. But it costs me a quarter to get the porter to carry it to the postal car. That's the short haul. Then the porter loses it on his way or forgets all about it. That's the shrinkage. And there you have the whole transportation problem in a nutshell.—[Bardette.]

There is only one spirit that achieves a great success. The man who seeks only how to make himself most useful, whose aim is to render himself indispensable to his employer, whose whole being is animated with the purpose to fill the largest possible place in the walk assigned to him, has in the exhibition of that spirit a guarantee of success. He commands the situation and shall walk in the light of prosperity all his days. On the other hand the man who accepts the unwholesome advice of the demagogue and seeks only how little he may do, and how easy he may render his place and not lose his employment altogether, is unfit for service. As soon as there is a supernumerary on the list he becomes disengaged as least valuable to his employer. The man who is afraid of doing too much is near of kin to him who seeks to do nothing, and was begot in the same family. They are neither of them in the remotest degree a relation to the man whose willingness to do everything possible to his touch places him at the head of the active list.

PLEASE READ

The following paragraphs, setting forth some of the good things kept by

T. R. WALTON,

GROCER,

MAIN AND SOMERSET STS.

My No. 1 and No. 2 Mackerel in good 3-hoop pails are low, considering the price of fish.

My Maple Syrup is as near pure as can be found anywhere.

I can safely say that I have the very best selection of Canned Goods.

My Preserves and Jams are put up by the best packers of those articles.

I desire those who have been troubled with bad lard to try mine. I am willing to take back every pound that doesn't give the most entire satisfaction.

I have Lima, Navy and Mixed Beans, Hominy, Oat Meal, Shredded Oats, Macaroni, Pickles in Bulk, Honey and many other things which I can not mention here—every article first-class.

I offer several Coal Vases and my stock of Coal Buckets at Cost.

T. R. WALTON.

Mark Hardin, late of Monticello, Clark.

WALSH, THE TAILOR,

232 FOURTH AVENUE,

LOUISVILLE, - - KY.

P. S.—FINE GOODS EXCLUSIVELY.

JOE F. WATERS

—Dealer In—

Heavy & Fancy Groceries, Glass-- and Queensware, Etc.

Main Street, - Stanford, Ky.

Lexington Roller Mills' Cream Flour. The very best Canned Goods. Fresh Candies, Oranges, Bananas always on hand. Full stock of fresh goods in every department.

W. M. WATERS, Salesman.

OLIVER PLOWS!



W. H. HIGGINS

Is still selling the old reliable OLIVER, and also has an improvement that is destined to make it much more popular than it has ever been. Don't buy a pump until you see the BUCKET ELEVATOR, and for cutting boxes buy the SECTION CUTTER. JEWEL and ECONOMIST RANGES, NEW ARIZONA COOK STOVES, &c.

Also a general line of Hardware, Groceries, Salt, Lime, Cement Flue, tilting, &c.

W. B. McKINNEY, AUGUST WEIDINGER, Salesmen.

Wall Paper,

Furniture,

Cases, Caskets, Robes.

Full and Complete Stock of the above and prices as low as the lowest.

B. K. WEAREN, Stanford.



JUDGE LYNCH.

Although I had been a member of the X bar for many years, and knew personally and officially nearly all the judges of the state and of the federal courts, I had never made the acquaintance of that perambulating tribunal presided over by Justice Lynch until I went to reside for a few months in a neighboring state, where rumor has it that Judge Lynch made his debut.

The meeting came about this way. There had been a long and expensive judicial season at X; and Mallory Jock, the criminal lawyer, had saved another victim from the sword of justice. The name of the sinner who was snatched from the hands of the hangman was Black Bill. Bill was exceedingly handy with his pistol, and on this occasion had shot and killed the conductor of a street car because he persisted in trying to collect the fare. As both lawyer and client were notorious, the trial brought the whole population to the court house to witness the illegal contest, and, as usual, the bar came out victorious. The thoughtful bar conductor's ticket punch for a pistol, the official for a robber, and had shot the latter in self-defense; besides forcing the judge to charge that if the defendant really mistook the bell punch for a pistol, pointed in a menacing and dangerous manner, they were veritable, in fact, to treat it as though it was a veritable revolver, with 38-caliber shot in it, and not an innocent recording bell punch.

Of course Bill was acquitted, and he walked down Main street, the admired center of all gazers. This was the farce. The tragedy came about in this way.

As may be anticipated, Bill was very much elated over his escape, especially as it happened to be his third trial for murder and he was rather superstitious about the figure three. He celebrated it in a roaring spree, which lasted a week and kept that part of the town in an uproar. There was drinking, singing and fighting; harmonious and constant succession, as though Bill was going to introduce the famous Bacchic revels and life was to be an orgy of drinking and fistfight. It was about the third day of the feast when the barkeeper, in a thoughtful moment, demanded payment of the score, in default of which he proposed to tumble the "gang" into the street.

Bill, whose life had just been saved at an expense to the state of a thousand dollars, was naturally indignant, and in the absence of his pistol he knocked the thoughtful barkeeper down with a beer glass. Then the fight commenced between the proprietor and his men and Bill and the "gang," and the battle raged and surged from the bar room to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to the street, each new comer lending a hand or a stone. Finally the town marshal came rushing into the crowd, and knocked the brawlers with his club right and left and unfortunately Bill among the rest. The latter sneaked quietly across the street, came back with a shotgun, poured the contents of both barrels into the back of the fighting marshal and killed him on the spot. This was the climax. The brawl ceased as suddenly as it had arisen—the fighters slunk back from Bill in disgust, and even turned their bloodshot eyes anxiously down at the now quiet marshal. Then he placed the gun in a corner, and some one whispered "Gee," and he walked out into the street and after a moment's pause slunk rapidly away under the shadows of the houses and the trees.

He had not walked a dozen squares before he perceived that there was something the matter with either the people or the town. Men ran ahead of him, others followed and dodged his footsteps, and doors were banged as he passed. Hark! the fire bell was ringing, and the whistle of the ferryboat woke the echoes on the river. The stream of lights in the distance was made up of fire, but of men and boys carrying lanterns and armed with clubs and shotguns. He tried several doors on the way, well known places of refuge, but they were closed, and no glint of light from the windows.

Then came the tramp, tramp of marching men, and in darting around the corner he found himself instantly surrounded with a mob, who ordered him brutally to stand and hold up his hands! Bill smiled as he recognized the voice, and easily complied with the order; then he scanned the crowd eagerly, but they were masked, and the only plain, unmistakable thing was the revolver, which gleamed at him from all directions. The leader, in his red shirt, slouched hat, pantaloons stuffed in his boots, and under his arm a long, black barreled rifle, stood eying him in silence.

"Hello, Long Jim," said Bill, animated with a sudden gleam of hope, "you'll give a fellow a chance for his life, won't you, Jim?" "What?" replied the leader, contemptuously. "I don't know you. This ain't no rabbit hunting party—this is Judge Lynch! There has been killing enough in this town—there'll be another, and then the thing will stop. Fold your arms—right about face, march!"

Yes, this was Judge Lynch—court, jury and executioner, all in one.

When the itinerant court passed my door I was smoking an evening cigar, and having heard the alarm bell, was searching the horizon for the sign of fire, which nowhere could be seen. The moon was out, and but for the flying procession of clouds that continually scudded in front, this town of X was fairly lit up with the white, silent light. I was still wondering if the clouds meant rain or snow, when the odd and fantastic judicial procession marched silently by. No funeral party was graver, made less noisy or marched with more decorum. There was only one exception to the general good behavior, and that was the impression of the bystanders. Every looker on was immediately "pressed" into the crowd. Not one was allowed to look and depart, but he was forced to assist in the ceremony. I was in the doorway when a fellow, hideously draped and disguised, laid hold upon me, and pointing with his revolver to the mob, told me to "fall in."

"Why, certainly," and I marched with the rest.

As there was very little talking there was abundant opportunity for reflection, and yet probably the only one who was doing any systematic thinking was the victim Bill, as he turned his head from right to left, vainly searching for some sign of success.

For myself, I no sooner guessed the object—or rather purpose—of the judicial train than my curiosity overrode and silenced all legal scruples to the enterprise. Besides, I consoled myself with the thought that as all great jurists and statesmen have found no higher source of authority than the people, and that everything came from and was for the benefit of the people, surely an impromptu tribunal of the people like Judge Lynch was beyond impeachment. On we went, from street to street and pike to pike, the crowd constantly gaining in size and the hope of a rescue consequently diminishing. As the eager people outflanked Bill on either side he could not help noticing the difference between the silent and scornful glance of those men's eyes, to the pleasant, watery eyed, benevolent looks of his friends, the late jury; no tears, no smiles over the pathos or humor of counsel here; only anger, dark and vicious as the ocean at night.

Once or twice Bill would slide up to the tall, gaunt leader, and whisper, as he tried to catch his eye, a pleading appeal for assistance. "Gee," the moon said, "I

you!" This was the constant and the only appeal, and the reply was equally short and determined: "Shut up!" and "Do your praying and make it brief!"

We passed the house of Judge Beans, but the pious everybody face of Justice Wigglewaggle, as he was called, was not to be seen. This was not a court of law, but a rough and tumble arena of justice. We had been marching for an hour when the leader suddenly turned from the pike and we entered a strip of woods, which divided X from its agricultural background. It was a delightful remnant of an ancient forest, and as we tramped beneath the branches and clambered over the fallen trunks of the trees, we were greeted with the call of the night owl and the invisible scampering about of its winged denizens. We finally reached an open space, where a few saplings grew among the stumps of their gigantic predecessors, and here Judge L. held his court.

As I scanned rather hastily the crowd, I was vividly impressed with two facts, viz., that we are a martial people, and that in spite of the constant failures in the court room we still love justice. Some had muskets, which had been "out in 1812" and the Mexican war, others double barreled squirrel level for a militia parade, but the majority had bright, new navy revolvers. They loved justice as equally apparent from the zeal with which the culprit was guarded and the determination that he should pay the penalty of his misdeed.

Owing to the passing of the clouds which constantly obscured the moon—the fitful and uncertain light of the hand lamps carried by the crowd, the laudable desire of each patriot to be in the front, and my own equally patriotic desire to be in the background—I cannot go very accurately into the details of this tribunal of the people, but will come as close to the facts as the excitement and surrounding circumstances will permit.

In the first place the hitherto taciturn mob suddenly broke into an angry sea of oaths and shouts, and there was a rushing backward and forward, and here and there a report of a pistol, showing that there was a fight going on even in the temple of Judge Lynch. One group, however, had thrown a rope over the top of a young sapling, and while bravely arms adjusted a knot on it and bent it towards the earth, other bravely arms and violent hands were dragging Bill on his knees towards the noose, vainly struggling and begging for mercy.

"See here boys," suddenly said the leader, who was either presiding judge or prosecutor, pro tem, as he blew a fake of snow off his nose, "aren't we going a trifle too fast? There are two ways of doing a thing—and we needn't imitate him in that particular. Has Bill confessed? If he hasn't, what's the identification?" "What?" shouted one who was tugging at the impromptu gallows, "Do you suppose that I am going to hold this thing all night?"

"Why, Tom see him kill Berry and the conductor?" shouted a dozen voices in unison. "At my father's Matt and Nasse seed him shoot the Dutchman. Why, Long Jim, what is the matter with you?" cried still another.

Oh, yes, there was plenty of proof! How prompt and swift were the witnesses and how full and responsive their memories. Old friends and new ones, companions and enemies, stood up and poured out their knowledge against the hunted and craven creature, and unfolded his character as liar, hummer, drunkard, wife beater, thief and homicidal! It was true there was no Mallory Jock to bully and hector them in a so-called cross-examination; nor Judge Wigglewaggle to frown upon the stupid and smile upon the impudent and bold, and no sympathetic fringe of people who love to help the under dog. But probably the one circumstance which told most strongly against him in the leader's mind was the crouching attitude and the head turning appeals for mercy.

This satisfied Long Jim of the truth of the charges, and he rested his rifle upon the ground, and, with a gesture, invited the executioners to perform the people's idea of justice, which they did with a frenzied shout of joy.

But this was a night of surprises. Amid the yelling, struggling and swearing there arose the cry of "Sheriff! Sheriff!" and the crowd opened and for a few minutes paused, listened and looked eagerly toward the pike. Sure enough, the clattering sound of a galloping horse could be distinctly heard coming near and nearer, and in another moment a white horse bearing the county officer dashes recklessly through the crowd, which opens to let him in and then closes behind him.

"Make way, hold on, stand back," cried the burly rider, waving his revolver and alighting close to the prisoner, whom he wrenched from the grasp of the fellows holding the sapling down. "I'll shoot the first man that moves. This is my man. In the name of the commonwealth I arrest!"

He did not finish the sentence, for suddenly there passed above his head a formidable piece of wood, and then the sheriff, his slouched hat and pocket gun were knocked in three different directions, and the big, stalwart officer fell with such force upon the ground that it was several seconds before he turned over, rose upon his knees, and rubbed his head and shoulder and looked around in a confused way for the supposed thunderbolt which had struck him.

"Georgy, my boy," said one of the laughing bystanders as the dazed sheriff brushed the dirt from his face and felt on the ground for his revolver. "Don't you know it's your circus business. Be mum, now, d'ye hear—and set your eyes and ears, or you'll get worse nor that."

The sheriff took the hint, for he crawled aside to the stump of a tree, and crouching behind it, watched slyly the sinister proceedings.

But another man had been watching the unexpected interruption and saw in it the one golden opportunity of his life, and this was the prisoner. The man that held him had been knocked down by the reckless rider, and the horse was standing tossing its head within two feet of him. Bill saw his chance, and in a flash mounted the horse, crouched almost flat on the mane, and struck boldly out for liberty.

As he plunged beneath the branches, and shot past the trees, a running fire of pistol shots followed him, scattering the bark and branches, but missing the fugitive in the obscurity, who kicked, tugged, and lashed the frightened horse into wild leaps and plunges. To me this was better than the dross ex machina of the ancient play, that Bill should escape by his own efforts. I wished him success for obvious reasons. What were the precepts of Coke, the explanations of Kent, and the judgments of Marshall—what were law colleges with their professors, moot courts and libraries—and what even were courts of justice, with its juries and talking lawyers—if this were to be the tribunal of the future? The music of the future had discordant enough which arose from other causes than the sharps and flats arranged in lines by Wagner; but what would become of one's nerves if Justice Lynch were the justice of the future? So the flying Bill had at least one, nay, counting the sheriff, two well wishers.

But it so happened that just as the fugitive reached the open road, and rose up in his saddle to wave his hand to the cheering multitude, the moon said, "I

into mist, and the light shone full on, and tinted with silver the black hair and head of the culprit, and there came from the forest the loud, sharp crash of a rifle, which cut through the air with an ominous whiz!

One could see the horse turn and suddenly stop, the rider throw up his arms in wild despair or pain, and then fall backward to the ground with a thud that shook the earth, and made even the followers of Judge Lynch tremble. There was an instantaneous rush of the mob to where the body was lying in the road, and it was picked up and laid upon the sidewalk for inspection. The inquest was short, as the fitful light of the lanterns showed that a hole had been made in his head wide enough to let out Bill's wretched life, and the half closed eyes looked colder and crueler than ever.

"Dead and no mistake, eh?" was the eager inquiry, as each constituent of Judge Lynch's court examined and assured himself that the people's mandate had been perfectly executed. And then they dispersed as swiftly and as tracklessly as a flock of birds at the sound of a hunter's shot. They disappeared as if by magic, and left only the sheriff, his horse, Long Jim and a couple of bystanders. The colloquy which followed was amusing as well as instructive.

Sheriff still rubbing his head and sliding the bump on the back of it with his finger—"Yes, sneak away like a lot of thieves! I know you. See if I don't fill the county jail with a batch of you devils before long. This is murder in the first degree, and my evidence will hang somebody. I say, Jim, did you hit me?"

Long Jim (still caressing his rifle)—Not yet, Georgy.

Sheriff—No; and you'd better not commence, I tell you. You had better slink away with the rest. This was murder, and don't you forget it. Bill was entitled to a fair trial and justice.

Long Jim (scoffingly)—Fair trial and justice!

Sheriff—Yes, a fair trial and justice, by G—

Long Jim—Where do you get them things? Not in your legal clinic, old boy. You kin get lawyers' law and Judge Wigglewaggle. Justice! Nary justice. Now, Georgy, just close your head—I mean the front of it. Go and get the coroner, and don't tell what you don't know—do you mind?

I left Long Jim laying down the law, and the sheriff listening, and I judge that the argument used was convincing, for the papers a day or two afterwards announced the verdict of the coroner as "justifiable homicide, while escaping from the sheriff and his posse."

As I passed the spot where the victim was lying, the pitiable pathos of the silent figure as increased by the woman that bent above it, and sobbed "Oh, Bill," and kissed the knotted fingers that had often struck her in anger. But human justice has this trait with the divine, that it makes the innocent suffer for the sins of the guilty.

This is the only time I ever met Judge Lynch, and I must admit that the meeting, although short, was impressive, and I never see one of those judges which political conventions furnish shuffling and trifling with the scales of justice—slipping his fingers down upon the beam—but I fancy I see behind him the court pageant of that other itinerant judge—with his rope and unerring rifle—I mean Judge Lynch—Henry Hooper in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Polishing the Champion Diamond.

Great crowds collect every evening at Holborn to see the process of polishing what is deemed the champion diamond of the world. Within sight through the large plate glass window the artist sits at his bench before the little upright wooden stand, on which, fastened with the composition used for the purpose, stands the half polished diamond, one part described as being rough and dull as rock salt, the other flaming with internal fire. The artist works on the stone with a curious looking polisher, an instrument described as resembling a thickish bit of ordinary firewood, with one end cut edge-wise and covered with composition, and keeps scrubbing and scrubbing with a gentle firmness. It is stated that the diamond, which is from South Africa, will when fully cut number a third more carats than the Koh-i-noor, which will have to hide its diminished head in the presence of a luminary bigger than a billiard ball. The jewel is worth half a million. The very chips that are cut off in the polishing fetch small fortunes. The king of Portugal gave \$40,000 for one of them.—Boston Transcript.

A colored woman near Murphysville, Marion county, died several days ago who was said to have been 115 years of age. She was called for Simon K. and was very well acquainted with Geo. George Washington.

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No. 6. No. 4. No. 14.
Lvs. Covington..... 8 10 a.m. 10 10 p.m. 2 30 p.m.
" Falmouth..... 9 40 a.m. 11 20 p.m. 3 35 p.m.
" Cincinnati..... 10 45 a.m. 12 15 p.m. 4 38 p.m.
Arr. Paris..... 11 15 a.m. 1 15 p.m. 5 15 p.m.
" Lexington..... 12 10 p.m. 1 17 p.m. 6 10 p.m.

Lvs. Paris..... 11 30 a.m. 10 45 a.m. 5 22 p.m.
Arr. Winchester..... 12 20 p.m. 11 30 p.m. 6 05 p.m.
" Richmond..... 1 10 p.m. 12 20 p.m. 7 15 p.m.
" Lancaster..... 6 07 p.m.
" Stanford..... 6 00 p.m.

Lvs. Richmond..... 2 00 p.m.
Arr. Berea..... 2 30 p.m.
" Lexington..... 3 45 a.m.

NORTH-BOUND.
No. 8. No. 11. No. 1.
Lvs. Livingston..... 8 00 a.m.
" Berea..... 10 20 a.m.
Arr. Richmond..... 11 45 a.m.

Lvs. Bowling..... 7 30 a.m.
" Lancaster..... 8 11 a.m.
Arr. Richmond..... 11 00 a.m.

Lvs. Richmond..... 1 10 p.m. 4 05 a.m.
Arr. Winchester..... 2 10 p.m. 7 00 a.m.
" Paris..... 8 30 a.m. 6 00 a.m.

Lvs. Lexington..... 4 45 p.m. 7 35 a.m. 2 45 p.m.
Lvs. Paris..... 8 30 p.m. 8 50 a.m. 3 40 p.m.
" Cincinnati..... 3 45 p.m. 5 55 a.m. 4 17 p.m.
" Falmouth..... 4 39 p.m. 10 05 a.m. 5 18 p.m.
Arr. Covington..... 6 00 p.m. 11 35 a.m. 6 40 p.m.

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